WAR CORRESPONDENT'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCES WITH THE BOERS.

An Australian Taken Captive After Being Wounded-His Captors Without Trace of Malice-Tribute to Their Sterling Qualities. LONDON. April 7 .- The Australian journalist who writes for the Daily News, sends an interesting description of his experiences as a Boer prisoner of war, which should be read for more reasons than that it is a graphic account of a stirring adventure. The letter is dated Bloemfontein Hospital," Feb. 22, 1900:

By the light of my lantern I saddled my horse and snatched a hasty cup of coffee and a mouthful of biscuit, and as the little band of Tasmanians moved from Rensburg I rode with them. Where they were going, or what their mission, I did not know, but I guessed it was to be no picnic. As the daylight broke over the far-stretching voldt. I saw that two other correspondents were with the party, Reay of the Melbourne Herald, and Lambie, poor ill-fated Lambie, of the Melbourne Age. We halted at a farmhouse, the name of which I have forgotten. There we found Capt. Cameron encamped with the rest of the Tasmanians, and after a short respite the troops moved outward again, Capt. Cameron in command. We had about eighty men, all of whom were mounted.

Then our scouts put spurs to their horses and dashed away on either wing, skirting the kopjes and screening the main body, and so for another hour we moved without seeing or hearing anything to cause us trouble. By this time we had got into a kind of huge basin; the kopjes were all round us, but the veldt was some miles in extent. I knew at a glance that if the Boers were in force that our little band was in for a bad time, as an enemy, hidden in those hills, could watch our every movement on the plain, note just where we intended to try and pass through the chain of hills, and attack us with unerring certainty and suddenness. All at once one of our scouts, who had been riding far out on our left front, came fiving in with the news that the enemy was in the kopjes in front of us, and he further added that he thought they intended to surround our party

Capt. Cameron ordered the men to split into two parties, one to move toward the kopjes on our right, the other to fall back and protect our retreat, if such a move became necessary. Mr. Lambie and I decided to move on with the advance party, and at a hand gallop we moved away toward a line of kopies that seemed higher than any of the others in the belt. As we neared those hills it seemed to us that there were no Boers in possession, and that nothing would come of the ride after all, and we started to discuss the situation. At that time we were not far from the edge of some kopies, which, though lying low, were covered with rocky boulders and low shrub. We had drifted a few hundred yards behind the advance party, but were a good distance in front of the rear guard, when a number of horsemen made a dash from the kopjes which we were skirting, and the rifles began to speak. Lambie shouted to me: "Let's make a dash. Hales," and we made it. The Boers were very close to us before we knew anything concerning their presence. Some of them were behind us, and some extended along the edge of the kopjes by which we had to pass to get to the British line in front, all of them were galloping in on us, shooting as they rode, and shouting to us to surrender, and, had we been wise men, we would have thrown upour hands, for it was almost hopeless to try and ride through the rain of lead that whistled around

It was no wonder we were hit, the wonder to me is that we were not filled with lead, for some of the bullets came so close to me that I think I should know them again if I met them in a shop window. We were racing by this time, Lambie's big chestnut mare had gained a length on my little veidt pony, and we were not more than a hundred yards away from the Mauser rifles that had closed in on us from the kopies. A voice called in good English: "Throw up your hands, you d--- fools," But the galloping fever was on us both, and we only crouched lower on our horses' backs, and rode all the harder, for even a barnyard fowl loves

hands up with a spasmodic gesture. He rose in his stirrups and fairly bounded high out of his saddle, and as he spun round in the air I saw the red blood on the white face, and I knew that death had come to him sudden and sharp. Again the rifles spoke, and the lead was closer to me than ever a friend sticks in time of trouble, and I knew in my heart that the next few strides would settle things. The black pony was galloping gamely under my weight. Would he carry me safely out of that line of fire, or would be fail me? Buddenly something touched me on the right temple; it was not like a blow: it was not a shock; for half a second I was conscious. I knew I was hit; knew that the reins had fallen from my nerveless hands; knew that I was lying down upon my horse's back, with my head hanging below his throat. Then all the world went out in one mad whirl. Earth and heaven seemed to meet as if by magic. My horse seemed to rise with me, not to fall, and then-chaos

When next I knew I was still on this planet. I found myself in the saddle again, riding between two Boers, who were supporting me in the saddle as I swaved from side to side. There was a halt; a man with a kindly face took my head in the hollow of his arm, whilst another poured water down my throat. Then they carried me to a shady spot beneath some shrubbery, and laid me gently down. One man bent over me and washed the blood that had dried on my face, and then carefully bound up my wounded temple. I began to see things more plainly-a blue sky above me; a group of rough, hardy men, all armed with rifles, around me. I saw that I was a prisoner, and when I tried to move I soon knew I was

The same good-looking young fellow with the curly beard bent over me again. "Feel any better now, old fellow?" I stared hard at the speaker, for he spoke like an Englishman, and a well-educated one, too. "Yes, I'm better. I'm a prisoner, ain't I?" "Yes." "Are you an Englishman?" I asked. He laughed. "Not I." he said, "I'm a Boer born and bred, and I am the man who bowled you over. What on earth made you do such a fool's trick as to try and ride from our rifles at that distance?" "Didn't think I was welcome in these parts." "Don't make a jest of it, man," the Boer said, love of his country is the love of his life. gravely, "rather thank God you are a living man this moment. It was His hand that saved you; nothing else could have done so." He spoke reverently; there was no cant in the sertiment he uttered-his face was too open. too manly, too fearless for hypocrisy. "How long is it since I was knocked over?" "About three hours," "Is my comrade dead?" "Quite dead," the Boer replied; "death came instantly to him. He was shot through the brain." "Poor beggar!" I muttered "and he'll have to

rot on the open veldt, I suppose?" The Boer leader's face flushed angrily. "Do you take us for savages?" he said. "Rest easy. Your friend will get decent burial. What was his rank?" "War correspondent." "And your "War correspondent also. My papers

are in my pocket somewhere." "Sir." said the Boer leader, "you dress exactly like two British officers. You ride out | m with a fighting party, you try to ride off at a gallop under the very muzzles of our rifles when we tell you to surrender. You can blame no one but yourselves for this day's work." "I blame no man, I played the game and am paying the penalty." Then they told me how poor Lambie's horse had swerved between myself and them. After Lambie had fallen then they saw me fall forward in the saddle and they knew I was hit. A few strides later one of them had sent a bullet through my horse's head and he had rolled on top of me. Yet with it ail I had escaped with a graze over the right temple and a badly knocked up shoulder.

Truly, as the Boer said, "the hand of God must have shielded me."

For a day and a hai'I lay at that laager whilst our wounded men were brought in, and here I should like to say a word to the people of England. Our men, when wounded, are treated when we tell you to surrender. You can blame

GENTLE TO WAR PRISONERS. by the Boers with manly gentleness and kindly consideration. When we left the laager in at open trolley, we, some half-dozen Australian: and about as many Boers, all wounded, were driven for some hours to a small hospital, the name of which I do not know It was simply a farmhouse turned into a place for the wounded. On the road thither we called at many farms, and at every one men, women and children came out to see us. Not one taunting word was uttered in our hearing. not one braggart sentence passed their lips. Men brought us cooling drinks or moved us into more comfortable positions on the trolley. Women, with gentle fingers, shifted bandages, r washed wounds, or gave us little daintles that come so pleasant in such a time; whilst the little children crowded round us with tears running down their cheeks as they looked upon the bloodstained khaki clothing of the wounded British. Let no man or woman in all the British Empire whose son or husband lies wounded in the hands of the Boers fear for his welfare, for it to a foul slander to say that the Boers do not treat their wounded well. Eugland does not treat her own men better than the Boers treat the wounded British, and I am writing of that which I have seen and know

beyond the shadow of a doubt. From the little farmhouse hospital I was sent on in an ambulance train to the hospital at Springfontein, where all the nurses and medical staff are foreigners, all of them trained and skilful. Even the nurses had a military air about them. Here everything was as clean as human industry could make it, and the hospital was worked like a piece of military mechapiem. I only had a day or two here, and then I was sent by train in an ambulance carriage to the capital of the Orange Free State. and here I am at the time of writing, in Bloom fontein Hospital. There are a lot of our wounded here, both officers and men, some of whom have been here for months.

I have made it my business to get about among the private soldiers, to question them concerning the treatment they have received since the moment the Mauser rifles tumbled them over, and I say emphatically that in every solitary instance, without one single exception our countrymen declars that they have been grandly treated-not by the hospital nurses only, not by the officials alone, but by the very men whom they were fighting. Our "Tom mies" are not the men to waste praise on any men, unless it is well deserved, but this is just about how "Tommy" sums up the situation:

"The Boer is a rough-looking beggar in the field: 'e don't wear no uniform, 'nd 'e don't know enough about soldiers' drill to keep himself warm, but 'e can fight in 'is own bloomin style, which aint our style. If 'e'd come out on the veldt, 'nd fight us our way, we'd lick 'im every time, but when it comes to fightin' is the kopjes, why, the Boer is a dandy, 'nd if the rest of Europe don't think so, only let 'em have a try at 'im 'nd see. But when 'e has shot you e acts like a blessed Christian, 'nd bears no malice. 'E's like a bloomin' South Sea cocoa nut, not much to look at outside, but white 'nd sweet inside when yer know 'im, 'nd it's when you're wounded 'nd a prisoner that you get a chance to know 'im, see." And "Tommy" is about correct in his judgment.

The Boers have made most excellent provision for the treatment of wounded after battle. All that science can do is done. Their medical men fight as hard to save a British life or a British limb as medical men in England would battle to save life or limb of a private person. At the Bloemfontein Hospital everything is as near perfection from a medical and surgical point as any sane man can hope to see. It is an extens ve institution. One end is set apart or the Boer wounded, the other for the British No difference is made between the two in regard to accommodation-food, medical attendance nursing, or visiting. Ministers of religious come and go daily-almost hourly-at both ends. Our men when able to walk are allowed to roam around the grounds, but, of course, are not allowed to go beyond the gates, being prisoners of war. Concerning our matron Miss M. M. Young) and nurses, all I can say is that they are gentlewomen of the highest type, of whom any nation in the world might well be proud.

I had written to the President of the Orange Free State asking him to grant me my liberty Yesterday Mr. Stayn courteously sent his with an intimation that I would be granted an interview. I was accordingly driven down to what I believe was the Stad House. In Australia we should term it the Town Hall. The courteously, and, after chatting over my capture and the death of my friend, he informed me that I might have my liberty as soon as I con- | strain on the dorsal muscles. sidered myself sufficiently recovered to travel. He offered me a pass via Lorenzo Marques, but pointed out that if I was sent that way I should be so far away from my work as to be practically useless to my paper. The President explained to me that it was not his wish nor the desire of his colleagues to hamper me in any way in regard to my work. "What we want more than anything else," remarked the President, "Is that the world shall know the truth and nothing but the truth in reference to this most unhappy war, and we will not needlessly place obstruction in your way in your search for facts; if we can by any means place you in the British lines we will do so.

If we find it impossible to do that you must

understand that there is some potent reason

for It." President Steyn introduced me to a couple of gentiemen whose names are very dear to the Free Staters, viz.: Mesers, Fraser and Fischer, and while the interview lasted nothing was talked of but the war, and it struck me very foreibly that not one of those men had any hatred in their hearts toward the British people. This, said the President, is not a war between us and the British people on any question of principle; it is a war forced upon us by a band of capitalistic adventurers, who have hoodwinked the British public and dragged them into an unholy, an unjust struggle with a people whose only desire was to live at peace with all men. We do not hate your nation; we do not hate your soldiers, though they fight against us; but we do hate and despise the men who have brought a cruel war upon us for their own evil ends, while they try to clock their designs in a mantie of righteousness and liberty. I may not have given the exact words of the President, as I am writing from memory. but I think I have given his exact sentiments and if I am any judge of human nature, the

KILLED ESCAPING ARREST. Colored Man Who Had Steel Knuckles Falls

Four Stories Dodging a Cop. William Grace, a colored elevator man, either jumped or fell from the fourth-story window of the house at 327 West Fortieth street and was killed instantly early yesterday morning, apparently in trying to escape arrest. The Coroner will have the task of looking further into his death.

Policeman McGee was in Ninth avenue at 4 o'clock yesterday morning when he heard a man call for the police from the house at 327 West Fortieth street. There he found Grace with a bloody face sitting on the front steps, "I was upsta rs on the fourth floor with m wire," he said, "and John Norman struck

McGee went upstairs with Grace and found in the room three colored won en and two men trace pointed out a woman named Annie Wis-as his wife. She said she wasn't his wife, she

THE AWAKENING OF COREA

RUSSIA'S DEMANDS CALL NEW AT-TENTION TO THIS BUFFER STATE.

hina and Jupan Long Fought for Its Control Coreans Have Clung to Their Old Form of Government, Their Dress and Their Customs - Trials of a French Mission. LONDON, April 4 .- The recent demands by tuesta upon the Government of Corea, and the onsequent friction with Japan, have drawn fresh attention to the decadent nation which acts as a buffer State between China and Japan. Mr. H. W. Lawson, in an interesting article reminds us that very early in history China and Japan first met in battle over Corea

He says: "In the first round of the long-drawn struggle China had the best of it, the Japanese leet was destroyed, and the Coreans forced to pay tribute to the Emperor of China, and make an annual appearance in he 'hall of tributary nations' at Pekin In the second round the Coreans were dragged in by the Mongel tyrant, Kublai Khan, and forced to swell the hosts with which he at tempted to invade and subdue Japan. onqueror was disastrously defeated, and the Coreans were first taught to appreciate the prowess of the pigmy nation, which had, in its first wars, all the courage and all the pugnacity, though little of the trained skill, that now mark it off from the rest of the nerveless East. The third round only served to confirm and emphasize this superiority in arms. Corea again suffered the pains of the go-between, for, although after a successful campaign the Japanese retired on the death of the great adven turer who led them, they carried home 10,000 Corean cars as part of the spoils of war.'

It seems strange that this utterly feeble ountry should have kept its doors shut against Europe till a far more recent date. Until 1881 the country was a forbidden land, a terra incognita to foreign trade. The foreign trade was admitted to Canton 200 years ago, and ever since that date changes have been slowly at work. The advance of Japan is, of course, one of the phenomena of the latter half of the dying entury. But Corea stood stock still. But for the incidents of Japanese occupation and the pretence of a modern army, Corea, in the achinery of government, in the dress of the people and in their customs, is the same today as she was a thousand years ago. But changes are at hand. Corea now has her treaty ports, Western inventions have found their way into the land, and the people, from being dangerously hostile to all intruders, are now, says Mr. Lawson, impassively tolerant of all men

"It is only thirty years since the father of the reigning Emperor amused himself and his subjects by rousting alive a number of Jesuit ssionaries in the great square at Seoul. To-day, whatever his denomination, a missionry is as safe in Corea as in Piccadilly.

The Coreans have resigned themselves to their fate. A Corean never runs unless he be driven by the lash; he hardly walks; he crawls along the streets of his city or the paths of his village circuit. If he be struck he falls down and lies there waiting to be picked up. In Seoul I constantly rode in rickshaws drawn by Japanese coolies. These boys took a positive delight in cannoning the natives in their walks abroad, and would run a shaft into any back that presented itself. In one alley of the city, close to the British Legation there, several times did the coolies knock over an old Corean gentleman slowly wending his way to the main street. Every time he got in the way, every time he was knocked down. He said nothing and did nothing: but he was always in the same place. and always met with the same treatment. A Corean will saunter along tefore an electric car (for Seoul now boasts an electric tramway, running out three miles to the late Empress's tomb) in exactly the same listless fashion. The conductor rings his bell loud and often, but only at the last moment does he slowly walk pace or two to one side or the other.

To see Corean workmen digging up the ground is a lesson as to how things should be done. An enormous spade is sunk into the soil by two or three coolies with an immense exon the ground that I was a non-combatant. penditure of groans and then two or three more gradually pull it up with ropes, at which private secretary and carriage to the hospital | they heave like a crew of sailors heaving up an anchor. It naturally follows that each spadeful of earth takes as long to extruct as if it were a load of gold reef. Instead of using carrying poles like the Chinese, they pile the packages President met me and treated me very and burdens that they have to carry on heavy wooden pack saddles, which must throw the weight in the wrong place and increase the

"At Chemuino, or Jensen, as the Japanese call the port, the shore is crowded with a hustling, pushing horde of porters, all waiting for the incoming boats and forcing their way on to the sampans as they are pulled on to the mud banks. It takes two or three of these men to carry what one Chinese coolie would bear with ease, and the olinging folds of their white linen skirts, even though they be turned

do not wear the tall black hat and that their jacket is cut out to expose the breasts. Like their masters they wear loose trousers, and their dress is almost wholly white, the exceptional touch of color being in the silk cloak, with wide sleeves, which they generally tie over their heads, as if it were a hooded cape. blue, green and red strips being sewn on in quaint diagonal patterns. Among the richer class the ladies have costumes of more elabo rate and ornate style, and during the cold of the winter months they put on cloaks and hoods of varied hues, lined with fur and sheepskin, and underneath draw up, almost to their shoulders, high-waisted skirts of volluminous folds. Their children are dressed in embroidered jackest and caps, and with them. as with the Chinese, the care that is lavished upon the dressing of little boys in well-to-do amilies shows the estimation in which they are held and the affection that is lavished upon them, to the exclusion of their sisters. As for the male population of the country, it looks like one vast and sorted white demonstration. Whatever his rank and wealth, the every-day dress of the Corean man is white-trousers, shirt and full-sleeved cloak, all made of flowing linen, to the outside, at least, sumptuously clean. He may, if he be a man of means, wear

Che Busy Kum

of activity surrounds our various departments; gentlemen comprehend the meaning of this more clearly with the passing of each week. Its cause is made manifest by exceptional patterns and modest prices.

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a blue silk cloak in place of white, but this is | REINCARNATION OF MISS F. only for polite society. Except in the case of a ent, but is gathered into a top-knot, thick,

coarse and frowsy." The Hostaings-d'Olonne Mission, which has just arrived in the southern French Boudan from the Ivory Coast, had somevery trying experiences. Leaving the sources of the Cav-ally River on the 25th of November last the mission entered an unknown country. where a strange people were encountered. The lan-guage differed from anything known and the natives were dressed in blouses and trousers. woven by themselves. The villages were well built, surrounded by banana plantations, and connected with each other by good roads. Excellent fishing stations existed on the rivers and everything presented the appearance of a

remarkable state of civilization. The astonishment of the mission may be imagined when it was discovered that these apparently superior tribes were refined cannibals feasting by preference on human flesh, though possessing abundant grain and cattle. Hither to the disappearance of the many thousands of Samory's followers who fled into this ountry had been a mystery. They were eaten by the upper Cavally cannibals. The Hostaings mission had the greatest difficulty in escaping. They were treacherously received in a friendly manner and were led into an ambush. They had to fight combat after combat, and in order to avoid overwhelming concentrations of savages had to march rapidly in unexpected zig-zags.

SUPT. SKINNER'S REPORT.

The Curfey in Twelve Municipalities in the State-Educational Unification.

ALBANY, April 15 .- In his annual report State Superintendent of Public Instruction Charles R. Skinner says that several cities and villages of the State have by municipal authority adopted the curfew ordinance, and the following towns report most astonishing results under its operations: Penn Yan, Hammondsport Painted Post, Hornellsville, Geneva, Waverty, Attica, Wayland, Corning, Friendship, Elmira and Wellsville.

During the last solool year there were 9,889 students in at tendarce at the several State normal schools, with an average daily attendance of 8,025. Diplomas were issued to 1,110 graduates, making a total of 15,988 since the opening of the first State normal school. The Superintendent reports his recommendation that the State is not in need of additional normal schools, but rather should perfect the existing institutions. It would be of inestimable dvantage to the cause of education, thinks Supt. Skinner, if the State would encourage pedagogical departments in all the colleges and universities of the State, by giving a liberal allowance for the best instruction in such departments. These departments should be open to all graduates of colleges or universities who seek professional training as teachers and desire to enter the teaching profession. Five years ago there were only 104 k indergaten teachers in the public schools of the State, with 3,305 publis. In June last there were 440 teachers, with 14,000 pupils.

In discussing the consideration by the last Legislature of measures to unify the State educational administration as now lodged with the State Board of Resents and the State Department of Public Instruction. Supt. Skinner says he has supported every unification proposition thus far submitted. He quotes his force recommendations in favor of a clear line of demarcation between the work to be done by the two educational departments of the State as being the simplest logical solution of existing difficulties, and urges that every tax supported exhool in all its departments should be under the supervision of the Department of Public Instruction, leaving to the Regents all private educational interests and the direction of higher institutions of learning and all library and museum work.

The percentage of the teachers in the State who have had professional training has steadily risen from 10 per cent. in 1888, when the uniform examinations were established, to 42 per cent. during the year ending July 31, 1839. Within the same period the annual allary of teachers in cities has advanced 10 per cent. and in the towns 22 per cent. During the past school year 23,200 children were arrested for truancy and either returned to school or placed in trush schools, the latter class numbering 1,322. The operation of the Compulsory Education law has resulted in a remarkable increase in the average daily attendance of children in the schools. Rather than establish State truant schools, the Superintendent thinks it will be more feasible, for the present a pedagogical departments in all the colleges and universities of the State, by giving a lib-

BILL VETOED BY THE GOVERNOR. it Required the Attorneys' Consent to the Settlement of a Lawsuit.

ALBANY, April 15 .- Gov. Roosevelt has reused to approve of the bill introduced by Assemblyman Joseph I. Green of New York city, which provides that no settlement of a lawsuit shall be valid or be made except upon consent of the parties and their attorneys upon application to the court, after due notice to the attorneys. The following memorandum was written by the Governor in explanation of the reasons why he cannot sign the bill: cause in my judgment it is thoroughly victors. It provides that no settlement of any lawsuit shall be valid without the consent of the attor-

"I withhold my signature from this bill bewhite linen skirts, even though they be turned up, do not make their progress any easier. It is said that under proper and vigilant direction the Corean coolie does a fair day's work for less than a fair day's work. It is standard to the consent of the attorneys the consent of the attorneys in that it gives him a lien upon the cause of less than a fair day's wage. This is the opinion offthe managers of the American syndicate who are successfully running a gold mine in the interior, but if it be even partially true, it is more likely the cheapness than the efficiency of the labor that makes it so, although on the short and filmsy ratifoad between Chemulpo and Jodel the Corean coolies are hard driven by the sticks of the Japanese overseers.

"Apathy to pain or pleasure is in every face the same. Coreans treat their women as so many servants or workpeople. The women are clothed not uplike the other sex, save that they do not wear the tall black hat and that their is alternative.

FROM WASHINGTON TO SEE NEW YORK.

Youthful Tramps Decide That There's Too Little to Eat Here for Comfort. Three dusty, footsore boys, went along Park Row yesterday afternoon asking how to find a man who would pay their fares back to Washington. They were directed to Police Head-James, 14 years old, of 54 K street, northwest; Thomas Brown, 13, of 72 Jackson alley, northwest, and Joe Gates, 13, of 42 G street, northwest, Washington. How they came to be in New York they told Roundsman Brady.

"You see" said one of the boys, "we have always been loading around race horses a great deal and the other day when we heard that a string was coming to New York we thought it was a good way to get here to see the city. So on Saturday we got into the freight train with the horses. When we woke us to-day we were not at New York but at a racetrack which we were told was the Aqueduct track. We thought it must be somewhere near New York, so we started to walk. After walking nearly all the morning we came to a sign board reading "14 miles to Abraham & Straus's." We then thought New York was only 14 miles away and we went on walking. We passed lots of such posts and finally we came to Abraham & Straus's store. A policeman told us we were in Brooklyn and to get to New York we would have to cross the Bridge. So we walked across the Bridge and struck New York and here west, and Joe Gates, 13, of 42 G street, north-Bridge and struck New York and here

we are."
"What do you think of New York?" asked Roundsman Brady.
"Washington'll do for us," said the boys in one breath, and one of them added: "There's too many people in New York and too little to sat."

too many people in acceptable of the locked up for a few eat."

"We are willing to be locked up for a few days," said another of the boys, "because we'll get plenty to eat that way. But we want to get back to Washington some time."

They were fed and kept at Police Headquarters, and when they went to sleep last hight they had come to the conclusion that New York was not such an inhospitable place after all.

Housekeeper Arrested for a Theft.

William H. Livingstone of 40 West Sixtyfourth street complained to the police late on Saturday night that some one had robbed him of a gold watch, \$30 in money and a check for \$40. He said he suspected Nellie Asten, whom he had engaged three days before as his house-keeper. The police arrested the woman yester-day and locked her up as a suspicious person. She protested her innocence.

Artists to Discuss Exposition Sculpture.

"Exposition Sculpture," with special reference to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, will be the subject of discus-ion by the National Sculpture Society at its meeting next Tuesday evening. The subject will be illus-trated by lantern slides.

The state of the s

handful of youths, educated during the last decade at the English school, the hair is never | PROF. FLOURNOY'S EXPERIMENTS WITH A SWISS WOMAN.

nder Hypnotic Influence She Seems to Re-

veal Three Former Existences. One in Mars, One in India Centuries Ago and One in France During the Great Revolution. London, April 7. - A short time ago 1 cabled to Tak Sun some particulars of the strange ease of apparent reincurnation reported by Prof. Flournoy of Geneva. Those who remember Rudyard Kipling's tale, "The Finest Story in the World." will at once notice the strange similarity between the professor's case and the writer's imagination. A few years ago Blanche F., a young woman of Geneva, consulted the professor for some nervous trouble. He then discovered the peculiarities of her case, and for three years made careful observations. He also called in some of his colleagues to assist in his experiments. Among these were Prof. Boisgobey, a well-known philologist, and Prof. alles, the author of the "Etudes Historiques.

The result of their experiments was briefly this: When in a state of hypnotic trance Miss F. seemed to have clear recollections of three distinct previous existences. The first was on an unknown world, which she describes, and which, from her description, agreeing more or less as it does with scientific assumptions, is supposed to be the planet Mars. When she re fers to this state of existence Miss F. speaks a strange language, which never varies, and also writes in strange characters, which are always consistent. Her second existence was in India, at a far distant epoch. When referring to this stage Miss F. speaks pure Sanskrit and refers to events of which the historical accuracy has been proved. Her third scate of existence would seem to have been in France at the time of the

Miss F. is of irreproachable character, who works regularly in a business house. Prof. Flournoy declares that he is convinced there is no trickery, and owns, in company with his colleagues, that he is completely mystified. Obviously, of course, there is plenty of opportunity for chicanery in a pretended knowledge of affairs so recent and well-known as the events of the French Revolution. It is impossible to apply any test to the truthfulness of a description of life on the planet Mars, but there is no doubt of the purity of Miss F.'s Sanskrit and the accuracy with which she lescribes events, which are, as a rule, only known to the most learned in the ancient history of India.

A few days ago Prof. Flournoy submitted this strange case. unspeakably strange even if it be nothing more than an imposture, to a committee of undoubted savants. The séance was held in the private house of a German professor at Charlottenburg. Among the guests were a number of university professors, of whom two are doctors, whose names are household words throughout Germany. There were also present three professors of the Oriental Seminary, Profs. Bacha, Hsuek-Shen and Hassan Djeialeddin, and two newspaper men. Prof. Dicialeddin, and two newspaper men. From Flournoy gave the assembled guests a brief resume of his observations and then proceeded to put Miss F. into a hypnotic sleep. He declined to have the lights extinguished, as it was an important point to watch the subject's face.

appeared from the young doctor's face and his heart began to heave. Then for five minutes all was silence.

The following is a shorthand report made by one of the reporters of what the doctor said when commanded to speak. His voice was hoarse and without expression as he said:

"What a curious city houses like pyramids one on top of the other like hills all glass no, not glass glistening don't know what is that?

Trees animals living but they are fixed to the ground what flowers opening and closing themselves curious glowing ever inside strange seent. Oh! what is behind there? a mountain, a voicano but that is no fire burning air. thunder lightning we fly we are in a current. swept along all is alive but where but what in the glass pyramids stuff like glass though pigmies how strange. Like children with immense heads men? speaking But what?

The young doctor's voice suddenly became a shriek, and the host sprang forward demanding that the experiment should stop. Prof. Flournoy obeyed, and awoke the doctor and Miss P. simultaneously.

"Where was I?" asked the doctor with a bewildered air.

"Where was I?" asked the doctor with a bewildered air.

A declaration was then written and signed
by all the guests, saying that no scientific explanation could be furnished of what they had
seen and heard, but that it could not be denied
that it was possible to become in a certain
manner cognizant, through filanche F. of certain now extinct stages of human development
and of as yet unknown phases of existence.

Miss F. declines to appear in public, but it is
possible that she may lend herself to renewed
experiments in the presence of a large number
of scholars. Meanwhile Mr. H. G. Wells must look to his

PIRE ALARM TO CALL A COP.

School Janitor Rang It by Mistake and the Boys He Wanted to Scare Had Fun. Henry H. Ronne, the janitor of Public School 113 in Downing street, while at work in the

school yesterday was annoyed by a noisy lot of boys who were playing baseball in the street of boys who were playing baseball in the street outside. There was not a policeman in sight, and he thought it would be a good plan to call one to stop the racket by ringing the school police alarm. It happened that he was in such a hurry to get a cop that he pulled the fire alarm by mistake. The firemen said things when the engines came around. The boys thought a false fire alarm more fun than baseball.

Fatal Fall of Little Arthur Jones. Arthur Jones, 3 years old, of 338 Eighteenth

street, Brooklyn, while playing at a third-story window in the rear of the house yesterday af-ternoon accidentally fell out and landed on the flagging in the yard. His skull was tractured. He lived only a short time after being taken to the Seney Hospital.

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TIC" BOOKCASE IS

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STOLEN DIAMONDS RECOVERED

Housemaid Found Them to a Dustpan. So She Sald Arrested Once and Released.

A diamond robbery which has been troubling Miss Cross's boarding bouse, at 30 East Thirtythird street, for several weeks was cleared up in the Jefferson Market police court yesterday. The person robbed was Mrs. Daniel P. Griswold, one of the tenants. Mr. Griswold according to the police, is a member of the New York Athletic Club and of the Racquet About two weeks ago Mrs. Griswold missed

two of her rings together worth \$700. One of them was described as a cluster of diamond the other as a large solitaire ring. Three days after the disappearance of the rings, Bertha Scott, a colored chambermaid who had access to Mrs. Griswold's room, left Miss Cross's employ, saying that she was disastisfied with her place. Suspicion was aroused, and Mr. Griswold notified the Tenderloin police of his wife loss and also set detectives from a private agency on the case. The Scott woman was arrested soon afterward, but was discharged for lack of evidence.

Mr. Griswold then went to Capt. McClusky and Centrai Office Detective Reim and Farley on Saturday night arrested the Scott woman again at 266 West Twenty-sixth street. With her they also arrested James Scott, who she says is her husband, and William Mack. Soth are colored. When the three were afraigned before Magistrate Brann vesterday morning, Mack testified that the woman had sold him the rings, which she told him she had found in a dustpan. The Magistrate held the Scott woman in \$1,000 bail for trial and discharged the men. Mr. Griswold said he had recovered the rings. after the disappearance of the rings, Bertha

MUSTN'T SMOKE IN UNIFORM.

of Chicago's Police Issues a Strict Order for Discipline's Sake. CHICAGO, April 15 .- Chief of Police Kipley has issued an order prohibiting smoking by policemen in uniform whether on or off duty. The order is addressed to commanding officers and

"Reports have reached this office that police officers are seen smoking in the public streets and on care while in uniform. I want officers to distinctly understand that smoking in public while in uniform, on or off duty, is a violation of one of the rules of the department.

"Positive information has reached me that commanding officers are passing by without apparent notice officers in uniform smoking in the public streets. Commanding officers must report all violations of this rule. It matters not to what precinct the offending officer belongs, report him. The first officer caught smoking while in uniform in the public streets will be dismissed from the force."

The order was not received with any great amount of good grace by the commanding officers themselves. They are all willing to acknowledge the justice of the rule prohibiting smoking while on duty, but when it comes to doing a disrobing act between shifts they don't see it that way. Many of them enjoy a quiet smoke on the way home, when off duty, and they do not like the idea of being compelled to wait until behind their doors before "smoking up." to distinctly understand that smoking in pub

SMALL BURGLAR IN A GROCERY. Chased by the Grocery Man and Caught in

the Cellar. Patrick McGovern, 15 years old, of 237 East Forty-second street, broke into the grocery store of Albert Hoffmann, at 358 Third avenue last night, smashed the cash register, took out \$60, chiefly in silver, and put it in his bat, The noise he made awakened Hoffmann, who sleeps over the store. The boy was unaware of Hoffmann's coming until the storekeeper hove in sight. Then Patrick started out through the rellar, stopping a moment to throw a can of tomatoes at Hoffmann, who dodged and kept on after the boy, collaring him finally in the darkness of the sellar. Policeman Boher relieved the storekeeper of th his captive, who was taken to the rooms of the Gerry Society. He will be arraigned in court

ROUGHS BESIEGE A WATCHMAN. Smash In the Door of the Office He Defende but Are Frightened Away.

Patrick Greene, the night watchman at the D. Grieme Company's coal yard at the foot of West Forty-seventh street, was in the office there last night when two rough-looking men knocked at the door and demanded admittance knocked at the door and demanded admittance Greene ordered them away and they went to the horse gate and broke several slate in it Greene pulled a revolver and they went away but returned half an hour later with six other and smashed the door in. One of them pulled a pistol, but Greene had telephoned to Police Headquarters, and the approach of policemen from the West Forty-seventh street station was read them away.

TROUBLESOME PRISONER SULLIVAN Cop Disabled Taking Him in Against the Will

of His Friends. Policeman Lang of the West Twentieth street station attempted to arrest Timothy Sullivan yesterday afternoon at Sixteenth street and Ninth avenue. Sullivan lives at 440 Street and Ninth avenue. Surilvan lives at 440 West Twenty-elghth street. He was drunk and disorderly and resisted arrest, and his brother, John Suilivan, and Oscar Roseoblum of 450 West Saxteenth street, went to his assistance. Roseoblum hit Lang on the beck of his head with a cobblestone, causing a serious wound. Podceman Lenn arrived in time to help Lang set the three men to the station where they were locked upon a charge of assault. Lang had his wound dressed at the New York Hospital and went off duty.

Thomas Graham Stabbed in a Quarrel. Thomas Graham, 23 years old of 40 Sussex street, Jersey City, just after leaving a saloon at 84 York street, shortly after midnight on Saturday, got into a quarrel with a man he met cutside. The men stabbed Graham in the left side, inflicting a serious wound. Graham was taken to the city hospital. His assaiant escaped. Graham savs he does not know his assaiant by any other name than "Jack, the boilermaker."

Thief Caught in Wanamaker's Store. George Holtz of 69 Stone street, Brooklyn, was held yesterday for trial on the charge of stealing two clocks from Wanamaker's store on Saturday. He stole one clock in the morning and was trying to get another in the afternoon when he was caught.

DISTRIBUTORS.

Sale of Slightly Soiled Table Linens.'

We have in our linen stock, 398 Irish Linen Double Damask Table Cloths-nc. napkins to match-some are slightly soiled and mussed from handling; we place them on our counters as an odd lot. at greatly reduced prices.

Table Cloths, at \$2.35 each, former price \$3.50. Table Cloths, at \$3.95 each, former price \$5.50.

Table Cloths, at \$8.75 each, former price \$13.50. Table Cloths, at \$14.50 each, former price \$21.00.

Table Cloths, at \$26.75 each, former price \$38.00. Dinner Napkins, no cloths to match, 235 dozen, at \$2.85 dozen, value \$3.75.

23 dozen, at \$3.95 dozen, value \$5.50. 39 dozen, at \$18.75 dozen, value \$28.50.

Lord & Taylor. Broadway & 20th 84

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LACAYETTE PLACE BATHS (near 6th St.) make men purer, cleaner and brighter. For men only. Open day and night.

If you lack appetite, try half a wine glass of Angestura Bitters before dinner. Dr. Sie-geri's the genuine, imported from South America.

DIED.

BATTELL. -On April 14, 1000, Jane Manafield, widow of Monroe L. Battell, and mother of John S. Battell of New York. Puneral Tuesday, April 17, 1900, at 9:80 A. M., from St. Thomas's Church, corner Bushwick ev. and Cooper st., Brooklyn, N. Y. New Haven,

Conn., papers please copy. DOLSON .- At Jersey City, April 14, 1900, Rachel Du Bois, wife of the late William Dolson of New

Puperal services Monday evening at the residence of her daughter, 179 Summit av., Jersey City. Interment New Paltz, N. Y. Kingston and New Palts papers please copy.

FIELD. - On Saturday, April 14, 1906, of pneumonia, William Hildreth Field, in the 57th year of his age. Solemn requiem mass at the Church of St. Ignatius

Loyola, 84th st. and Park av., on Tuesday moraing at 10 o'clock.

At a special meeting of the Board of Managers of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylums in the city of New York to take action on the death of Mr. William Hildreth Field, held at the offee of the Board on the 15th day of April, 1900, the following resolution was adopted: The Managers of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylums in the city of New York have learned with sorrow and regret of the death of their associate, counselor and friend. Mr. William Hildreth Pield, taken from us at this time at the moment when the realization of his life's labor was about to be accomplished. and the crowning work of his grand profession was to have been the Bonor and credit of presenting for the charges committed to our care the deeds which will give them a grander and greate

We fully appreciate and know that Mr. Field dared everything for the right and the interests of the He was a man of men, able, honest, conscientious

and fearless, a gentleman in every respect, a Manager whose place will be most difficult to fill. a man whose memory can never be forgotten. May he now be enjoying the fruits of a life well lived is the earnest and fervent prayer of his fellow Managers and the poor but grateful orphans in whose behalf he so long labored.

FORBES J. HENNESSY, Sec'y. GAUTIER .- On April 14, 1900, in this city, Charles E., son of the late Dr. Josiah II. and Mary Louise Gautier, aged 39 years. Funeral services Tuesday morning, April 17, 19:0, at 10 o'clock, at his late residence, 226 West

45th st. LATIMER. -On April 14, 1900, Frederick B. Latimer. eldest son of Brainard G. and the late M. Antoinette Latimer Funeral services will be held at his late residence

148 Rodney st., Brooklyn, Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Please omit flowers. POWER. - Month's mind mass for the repose of the soul of the late John Power of 194 Vernon av.

en Tuesday, April 17, 1900, at 9:30 A. M., St. Ambrose Church, DeKalb and Tompkins ava. Relatives and friends respectfully invited to attend. WALSH. -At his residence, Bay 28th st., near Bath

av., Bensonburst, on Friday morning, April 18, 1900, W. B. Walsh, in the 53d year of his age. Funeral from St. Finbar's Church, Bay 20th st. and Bath av , at 10 o'clock on Monday, April, 16, 1900. Interment at Calvary Cemetery.

CYPRESS HILLS CEMETERY. Office, I Madison av., corner 23d st., N. Y.

Special Matices. WELLING'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS for In-igention, Heattburn and Sour Stomach. All Drug-ists. Established 1864

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